



Warm-Weather Coat of Cotton Corduroy.

Cotton corduroys have been growing in favor for at least three seasons and now on every hand they are to be seen. They are used for summer coats and skirts and are shown in all the fashionable colors in the lighter tones. In rose, blue, maize, and light green they have proved a strong attraction for younger women. But, for midsummer wear in all white they make the strongest appeal to women of discernment, young or old.

The latest of cord models in cotton corduroy is shown here, and there is no likelihood that we shall see anything better, for designers are through with coats for summer wear. This model is very full, with wide cape-

collar, and boasts an entirely new note in its bandings of white cotton velvet. The collar is bordered with it and the belt and fastening straps are made of it.

The coat hangs fine at the back with the belt of white velvet thrust through slashes at each side of the front. White cord loops at the ends of the belt fasten over velvet-covered buttons. Two short straps over the breast fasten in the same way. The collar closes with a button and loop.

Plain coat sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs, faced with the white velvet and caught with buttons. Large patch pockets, mounted at the sides are lined with white also. Altogether this is a coat of great distinction.



Group of Mourning Hats.

A group of mourning hats pictured in the illustration shows the medium-sized sailor shape in three developments for present wear. With the exception of the braid hat at the left these hats are suited to any season of the year and the shapes may be relied upon as staple in style.

The hat at the top is made of one of the specially woven silks used for mourning millinery. The silk is laid smoothly over the frame, with the neatness which is indispensable in making this particular class of hats. Either English crepe or silk, like that used for covering the frame, serve to make the roses and foliage and stems that are applied flat to the crown.

At the left a similar hat is made by covering a frame with crepe georgette. Triangles of English crepe are applied to the crown at the base. They are outlined with crepe-covered cord, and a braided pattern is applied to them with a small cord of the same kind. As a finish two ball ornaments, made of the cord, appear at the left side. A neck ruff of plaited crepe, worn with this hat, fastens with a bow of broad ribbon at the back.

An arier hat of hair braid and net is shown at the right, and it belongs to the summertime. The lace braid is stretched over a wire frame having the wires wound with crepe. For trimming, a wide plaited ruffing of net is placed about the crown, and a rose which may be either of silk or

crêpe, is set in the plaiting near the front. The small neck ruff, worn with this hat, is made of faulle ribbon and plaited net.

Almost any of the millinery braids may be used in conjunction with crepe for making hats to be worn during periods of mourning. Crepe is only used for mourning and has come to be the token of it. By adding trimmings of it to other stuffs they become correct for mourning wear, but they are to be chosen by someone who knows how to discriminate.

White crepe is preferred to black sometimes, and hats made of it appear among displays of mourning millinery. Crepe is a particularly durable fabric since the process of waterproofing has been applied to it.

To Save the Seamstress Time.

Much time is spent in putting on placket fasteners. First sew the snaps on one side of the goods, chalk each snap, press it on the goods on the other side and it leaves the exact place for the fastener to be sewed. It saves time in pinning and measuring and the work can be accomplished in half the time.

Gloves to Match Stockings.

In dainty little French boxes are packed lace gloves and stockings to match. Both are of silk with insets of chintilly lace and they come in all the pastel and opalescent shades.

A City On Wheels

By Olive Melville Parsons

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"Too bad!" uttered Pierce Maclay and stood regarding an untoward mishap in dismay.

A hind wheel had come off the light wagon he had been driving. The whole body of the vehicle seemed jarred out of place and the box landed in a rut he saw that he was not enough of a mechanic to adjust the difficulty.

"Pretty nearly the wilderness," he soliloquized, "and something better than thirty miles to Malden. Back the route to Warrentown it's an equal thirty. What am I to do?"

Maclay removed the horse, tethered him and set at work to remedy affairs. In a very few moments, after a close inspection of the vehicle, he declared definitely:

"I give it up. No tools, no blacksmith within reach, I'll have to abandon the wagon and do the rest of the journey on horseback."

He stood ruefully summing up the situation, his hands thrust deep in his coat pockets, when he started at the sound of an unexpected voice, clear as a bell, musical and friendly. It revived his drooping spirits magically quick.

"In trouble, stranger?"

Over the soft grassy trail a great covered wagon had come noisily upon him. Occupying its front seat, clad in sensible khaki costume, was a young girl with a rosebud face, bright eyes clear as crystal and fearlessness and human interest in her entire manner as she halted a great staunch span of horses.

"I declare!" involuntarily exclaimed Maclay—"this is a pleasant surprise. I was getting gruesome in my forlorn position and you can probably tell me exactly where I am marooned."

The girl sprang down nimbly from the wagon seat. She advanced to the wreck and viewed it with a practical searching eye. Her hand was small but sinewy. She pulled aside the dropped axle with a strength and celer-



Ruefully Summing Up the Situation.

ity that was amazing. She looked over the wrecked hub of the wheel critically.

"If you care to carry the tools from our wagon," she observed, "I think I can soon mend things somewhat."

Maclay stared, marveled, but followed her with a polite bow. She went around to the end of the big wagon she had driven and opened a door. Maclay was further bewildered. The capacious space within was fitted up like a room. It had benches at the side, a folding table, stools hinged to its side, an oil stove and a wardrobe. His fair companion opened a heavy box. She took from it a portable jack, several other tools and some pieces of metal. She handed them to Maclay. Then, armed with a hammer, she led the way back to his broken vehicle.

"Now, then," she remarked in a brisk businesslike way, "you try and lift the end of the wagon box while I set the screw under it."

She had rolled up the sleeves of the jacket she wore. She pushed back fugitive golden ringlets under the close cap she wore. The air rang with the true rapid strokes which she delivered upon the bent axle. She replaced the cracked hub iron with a new one. She tightened up dislocated odds and ends. She worked like a beaver—and also as an expert.

"There! that will last you till you reach a better workman," she observed, in a satisfied tone and with a pleasant smile.

"A better workman!" cried Maclay spontaneously. "Why, you are a wonder! Are you some good fairy, devoting your admirable energies toward succoring the unfortunate in distress?"

A ringing laugh greeted the fanciful words. The bright eyes half mischievously, half triumphantly glowing youth and beauty and comradely into his own, made Pierce Maclay glad for the breakdown.

"Oh, dear, no!" declared the girl. "I am only plain Lura Wooster. We all have learned to work down at our place—or did," and the sweet face shadowed.

"Your home?" began Maclay. "We have no home," came the speedy interrupting response. "We are seeking one now."

"We?" inquired Maclay. "Yes, eighty of us. I am afraid you do not understand. There are nineteen other wagons. They will be along soon. You see, my father is Robert Wooster. He built the wagon plant at Chester, put in all his money and brought all our eastern neighbors out here—a happy family. Last week the plant burned down. Father could get no insurance way out here away from fire protection. All we saved was some wagons. We knew enough to make comfortable houses of them just like this one. Father feels a moral responsibility in caring for his workers. So, we are tramping, as you may call it, till we find just the place where they will encourage a willing industrious group like us to locate and help build up the community."

"Eighty of you?" spoke Maclay, with new animation. "Why, that is just what I am looking for. Dear young lady, I must see this enterprising father of yours."

"He and the others will soon be along," replied Miss Wooster. "I drove ahead to sort of blaze the way. There is the first of the wagons now. There is father. Yoo-hoo!" and the young sprightly voice rang out in a mellow hail. Maclay drew aside as several vehicles came into view. They all halted. It was near the noon hour. In a few minutes Miss Wooster approached Maclay with a sun-browned sensible looking man.

"Father," she introduced, "this is the young man I spoke to you about. He said a strange thing that may be interesting to us. Anyhow, we must show him what a good dinner we strollers know how to enjoy."

"Your daughter has explained your situation," spoke Maclay at once. I hope our accidental meeting is as fortunate as I have hoped. I come from Warrentown and I was on my way to Malden to try and induce the furniture factory there to remove to our town. The employees number only twenty, though. We have a big vacant building at Warrentown. In fact, I own it. We need new industries and we are disposed to encourage and finance them. "That looks pretty attractive to me," spoke Mr. Wooster.

"Our main reason just now is that, if we can get a working factory and fifty or more new residents, the county seat choice will fall on Warrentown."

"We make a pretty thrifty city on wheels," said Mr. Wooster. "The prospect looks decidedly favorable. I should like to consider it."

Warrentown stared hard when "the city on wheels" came rolling into the public square, Pierce Maclay leading them. Warrentown hurried enthusiastically, when it was known that the new contingent increased the population of the little struggling burg to a point that awarded it a selection as the county metropolis.

Some of the machinery back at the burned out town was found in condition for utilization. Young Maclay secured the capital co-operation of the local bank and well-to-do citizens. His own pleasant share was to build some twenty neat cottages for the workers.

In the course of a year his construction views expanded. This time it was a more pretentious house that he planned.

For it was to be a real home, and its mistress was the bright energetic girl who had brought to him "the city on wheels."

TO COAL WORLD'S NAVIES

Good Reasons Why Every Power Keeps Jealous Eyes on All Strategic Ports.

Every world power casts covetous eyes on available sites for coaling ports for its naval and mercantile fleets. On the confined shores of the Yellow sea three great powers established coaling bases—at Port Arthur, at Wei-Hai-Wei and at Kiao-chau.

Our own government, with an eye open to faint sounds, keeps an ear posted on St. Thomas and the coast of Mexico, ever watching for mysterious goings, or slightest suspicion of transfer of domain to another power. George Harding writes in Harper's. To guard the trade routes and approaches to the Gulf of Mexico the navy department at Washington has established a most important coaling base at Guantanamo, Cuba. Thus all three routes to the Gulf—through the Florida straits between Key West and Cuba, through the Windward passage between Guantanamo and Haiti, and the passages either side of Porto Rico—are now controlled by American bases.

In the Pacific the coaling station of Honolulu, with a storage capacity of 165,000 tons, provides ample supplies for the needs of warships guarding the approaches across the Pacific. In contrast to the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific routes, the trade routes of the world are practically dominated in time of war by English coaling ports—an essential ownership to England, for of the 47 important steamship companies of the world today, 32 of them are British.

Girl Got Hit.

"My wife managed to drive a nail today without hitting her thumb." "How was that?" "She inveigled the hired girl into holding the nail."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Precaution.

"There is certainly one thing which military censors ought to do." "What is that?" "Prevent parrot guns from getting anywhere near repeating rifles."

AVOID EGG LOSSES DURING SUMMER TIME



Latest Improvement in Egg Carrier.

For some years the United States department of agriculture has been pleading with farmers to get them to put a stop to the ancient practice of holding eggs in summer till they grew addled and rotten before sending them to market. At the same time they have been trying to tell us how to know a good egg from a bad one and urging us to gather all eggs daily in order to prevent them from being spoiled by the hot sun and the torrid weather.

I have forgotten how many millions of dollars the farmers of this country lose every year through this sort of

if we don't pay more attention to the way we handle eggs.

We can stop much of this loss by training the hens to do their laying in places provided for them. This may sound easy, but it is not where you have a few score of hens ranging around over a 20-acre radius. A whole lot of them will steal their nests out in spite of any keeping them up till the middle of the day or feeding them always at the door of the chicken-house.

We can do this much, however. We can have the boys and girls on the place run down every hidden nest and gather the eggs daily. This is not so much of a job as it seems if the place is fairly clean of weeds and fence-row growths.

If the eggs are gathered every afternoon they will not have much of a chance to be addled and made stale by the sun's rays or the heat of midsummer. A certain percentage of the hens will get in the habit of laying in the barns, in the mows, the feed boxes and under the mangers, and especially under the crib and granary floors. It won't take much time to locate these nests, and I had about as soon they would lay there as anywhere else after I once get the nesting places located.

By keeping the premises free of weeds and the summer growths that make such fine hiding places for the wandering hen, it is pretty easy to keep track of all the outside nests. If the fence rows are clean and the orchard free from weeds and high grasses, there will be no hidden nests there, and for lack of a better place the hens will go to their accustomed nests.

There must be plenty of nests, however, if the hens are to lay in the house. They will not go into a stuffy nesting place, crowded into hot nests and sit one on top of another when they wish to lay. Big, cool, roomy nests will insure the hen owner collecting the majority of the eggs laid by his flock.

There are some henhouses that are literally ovenlike in summer, and the nests are even hotter than the remainder of the room. Get the nest off the ground a few inches, have the boxes big and roomy and keep them clean. This will make them cooler and lessen the number of eggs spoiled by breakages and filthy nests.

Pasteboard Carrier of Three Dozen Capacity.

egg handling. That is, we are going to lose it now that the dealers are getting so they examine and candle most of the eggs that are brought in to market.

We can't blame the dealers for this action, writes J. D. Bowen of Indiana in Farm Progress. They are held responsible for the addled, half and wholly rotten eggs that are sold to them and they are getting more and more in the habit of holding the farmer responsible. The pure-food laws are back of them and we are going to find our losses heavier than we have in the past.

ABUNDANCE OF TENDER FEED

Sow a Plot of Ground to Rape and Give It to Hens—Cabbage and Oats Also Excellent.

To lay well during the summer and fall months, the hens must have an abundance of tender vegetable matter. As the weather becomes warm and dry, the grasses and vegetation on the range become tough and fibery, and are not eaten by the hens in sufficient quantity to induce the best egg yield. To provide green feed sow a plot of ground to rape, which is cut and fed to the hens. Cabbage and sprouted oats are also good.

Poke, found growing in waste places on many farms, is also eaten by the hens with a relish. If the shoots and leaves of the poke stalk are pulled and fed, while small and tender, the plant will throw out new sprouts and branches that will be ready for feeding in 10 days or two weeks. These small shoots and leaves, even in dry weather, are always succulent and tender. It certainly is surprising the amount of green fed a big poke stalk will supply in a season.

PURE WATER OF IMPORTANCE

Expense of Earthen or Iron Drinking Vessels Is Small—Keep Away All Disease Germs.

The farmer who allows his fowls to drink impure water is inviting disease into his flock. It costs but little to have earthen or iron drinking vessels, and in these the water can be kept clean and pure. Plenty of pure water should be at the disposal of the chickens at all times. It is not enough to say there is plenty of water for them out of doors, in the horse trough or hog trough, and other places. Probably the water in these other places is foul and full of disease germs; out if the hens have no other they are forced to drink it. Don't let them do it.

AIR SUPPLY FOR INCUBATORS

Not Possible to Hatch Healthy, Vigorous Chicks in Bad Air, Heavy With Lamp Fumes.

Because a hen will make her nest in what seems to us a stuffy corner of the henhouse, and hatch her brood of chicks, we are sometimes inclined to feel that the incubator will hatch a brood of chicks, tucked in a corner of a room where it will be out of the way, or down in the cellar against the wall. It is not possible to hatch a lousy chick in bad air, heavy with lamp fumes. Unless one is willing to take all the steps necessary to hatch a robust chick, it will save time and money not to take the first. The hen has the advantage of outdoor air in hatching her brood—air that has not been depleted by fires and humans. The chances are that she could not do as well as the incubator in the same location.

PROPER TIME FOR HATCHING

Chicks Provided With Abundance of Green Feed Grow More Rapidly Than Those in Yards.

Growing chicks that have, during the summer, been provided with an abundance of range, shade and green food will grow much more rapidly and more evenly than those crowded into small bare yards. The character of the range must, therefore, be considered in deciding on the time for proper hatching.

If the chicks are hatched too early, they are apt to go into a fall molt after laying a few eggs in the late summer, and are not likely to resume laying again until well into the winter, or after one or more of the most profitable laying months have passed. On the other hand, they should be hatched early enough to allow a sufficient time for normal maturity before the coming of cold weather in the fall.